

## NO. 121

The best that money can buy



## WAYS OF THE WORLD.

There are times when the heart is lone-some,  
And hope with despair alloyed,  
And sunniest scenes turn sombre,  
And the world grows cold and void.

Then, too, there are times when glad-ness,  
The gloomiest mood beguiles,  
And the mind is brimmed with rap-ture,  
And the face is wreathed in smiles.

A path always bright and pleasant,  
A sky ever calm and clear,  
I fancy would soon seem irksome,  
And wearisome be and drear.

So live each day independent,  
And banish the rising fears,  
A laugh when the heart feels lonesome,  
Is better than sighs or tears.

The world is deaf to your pleadings,  
Nor feels your sorrows and pains,  
But a friend to joy and good fortune  
And eager to share your gains.

—George Sands Johnson.

## The Conspiracy of the Clocks.

Some years ago, among the many re-lates that the visitor to the Castle of St. Angelo was shown during his survey of the ancient edifice, was a pair of old-fashioned pistols, an almost insignificant item in the midst of the hundreds of traditional remains collected in the gloomy structure; where historical re-miniscences crowd upon each other in almost confusing array, and cause in the mind of the stranger a sensation of be-wildering and a wonder that so many associations should fill the circular ruin that was originally erected as a tomb for emperors, and afterwards, under papal domination, became the scene of so many sanguinary exploits. A quaint and thrilling story is con-nected with those rusty fire arms, that were known as "Ranuccio's Pistols," which, besides being curious and inter-esting to lovers of legendary lore, cor-rectly illustrates the stern and inflex-ible temper of one of the most remark-able men who have ever sat in the chair of St. Peter, namely, Pope Sixtus V.

When Cardinal Montalto assumed the tiara under the title of Sixtus V. he at once laid aside the disguise of meekness which had enveloped his former life and gave the astounded con-clave to understand that, in the place of a docile instrument, they had chosen an unyielding master. Many glaring abuses existed in Rome at that time, and the new Pope determined to re-form them. It was the custom of the nobility to be escorted wherever they went by a numerous body of pages, valets, soldiers and followers of all kinds, armed, like their masters, to the teeth. Sometimes a nobleman's following resembled a small army, rather than an escort, and it frequently happened that, when two such parties met in a narrow street, a violent struggle for precedence would take place, and blood was freely shed among those who actually had no previous cause for quarrel. Sixtus V. resolved to put down this practice, and embraced the opportunity when an unusually sangui-nary conflict had taken place on Easter day, and even within the im-mediate vicinity of St. Paul's Church.

On the following morning an official notice was posted on the walls of the city, prohibiting the nobility, without exception, from being followed by more than twenty attendants. Everyone, also, of whatever degree or position, who should carry, or permit his people to carry, any kind of fire arms (pocket pistols being especially mentioned) was to incur the penalty of death. At this notice the devotees of Pasquin jest-ed—the walls being quickly pla-carded with humorous responses—and the nobles laughed; but no one ven-tured upon acts of disobedience, until the following incident occurred:

Just after the publication of the Pope's orders Ranuccio Farnese, the only son of the Duke of Parma, arrived in Rome. His first care was to wait upon the new Pontiff, and being pre-sented by his uncle, Cardinal Farnese, the young prince met with the recep-tion due to his rank and merits. Al-ready had his talents and exhibitions of courage given promise of his soon becoming a worthy successor to his father, and the Roman nobles vied with each other in doing honor to the heir of one of the richest duchies in the peninsula. On the evening after his ar-rival he was invited by Prince Cesarini to a magnificent banquet. Wine flowed freely and the night waxed late—in fact it was after the scriptural "third hour" when the guests began to dis-cuss the recent edict of His Holiness. Several wild young spirits, and among them Ranuccio, declared themselves ready to violate it openly. Next mor-ning, however, when sobered by sleep, they all, with one exception, decided it to be safer to abandon the idea. Ranuccio alone felt a strong desire to try conclusions with the Pope. Al-though a feudatory of the Holy See, he was not a Roman, and he was a prince. Sixtus V. would probably think twice before touching a head that was almost crowned. Besides youths of twenty love adventure, and it is not every day that one can enjoy the pleasure of putting a Pope in a di-lemma. Ranuccio, in brief, went to the Vatican and asked an audience of his Holiness. It was at once granted, and the prince after having, ac-cording to the custom, knelt three times, managed adroitly to let fall at the very feet of Sixtus a pair of loaded pistols.

Such insolence could not go unpun-ished. Without a moment's hesita-tion the Pope summoned his guards and or-dered them to arrest and convey to the castle at St. Angelo the son of the Duke of Parma who had by his act condemned himself to death.

The news spread quickly; so much audacity on one side and so much firm-ness on the other seemed almost in-credible. Cardinal Farnese hastened to the Vatican, and, falling at the feet of the Pope, with tears in his eyes pleaded his nephew's cause. He spoke of the youth of the culprit and of the loyalty of his father, who was then in Flanders fighting the battles of the Holy See. Ranuccio had been but two days in Rome—might he not be fairly supposed to be ignorant of the new enactment?—then he belonged to a powerful house, which it might be pru-dent for His Holiness not to offend; and, finally, he was closely related by blood to the late Pope Paul III.

The reply of Sixtus was cruelly de-cisive. "The law," he said, "makes no distinction; a criminal is a criminal, and nothing more. The Vice-regent of God on earth, my justice, like His, must be impartial; nor dare I exercise clemency, which would be nothing but weakness."

The Cardinal bowed his head and re-tired. Besieged incessantly, and finally wearied by the many and fresh suppli-cations from various influential quar-ters, the Pope sent for Monsignor An-geli, the governor of the castle. To him he gave imperative orders that precisely at twenty-four o'clock (one hour before sunset) his illustrious pris-oner's head should be struck off.

The governor returned to the castle, and signified to Ranuccio that he had but two hours to live. The young man laughed in his face and began to eat his evening meal.

He could not believe that he, the heir apparent of the Duchy of Parma, could be seriously menaced with death by one who only a short time before was only an obscure monk, and whose strongest title to the Pontificate seemed to have been his age and decrepitude. But when he saw from his window a scaffold, bearing a hatchet and a block, in the process of erection, the threat seemed to be a serious one and less worthy of derision. His dismay was complete when his room was entered by a monk, who came to administer the last rites of the church, followed by the executioner, asking for his last re-quests.

Meantime Cardinal Farnese was not idle. He consulted with his friend, Count Olivares, Ambassador from the Court of Spain, and they resolved to obtain by stratagem what had been re-fused to their prayers. But two pre-cious hours remained.

"Our only plan," said the Cardinal, "is to stop the striking of all public clocks in Rome. Meanwhile, you must occupy Monsignor Angeli's attention."

The Cardinal possessed great influ-ence in the city, and it happened that one of his prerogatives was the control of the public clocks. So in compliance with his swift orders, and as if by mag-ic, time changed his noisy course into a silent flight. Two clocks, those of St. Peter's and of the castle of St. Angelo, were put back thirty minutes. Their proximity to the prison required this change, and the Cardinal's authority secured the inviolable secrecy of every one concerned in the plot.

The execution was to be private; but Olivares, in his quality of Ambassador, was permitted to remain with the gov-ernor of the castle. A single glance assured him that the clock was going right; or, to speak correctly, that it was quite wrong. Already the inner court was filled with soldiers under arms, and the monks chanted the solemn "Dies Irae." Everything was pre-pared save the victim. Olivares was with Angeli, and a scene commenced, terrible in its suspense. The Ambassa-dor, in order to gain time, began to converse on every imaginable subject, but the governor would not listen. "My orders," he said, "are imperative. At the first stroke of the clock all will be over. There can be no delay."

"But," said Olivares, "the Pope may change his mind." Without replying, the rigid governor walked impatiently up and down the room, watching for the striking of his clock. He called, and a soldier appeared. "Is all pre-pared?" Everything was ready, and the attendants, like their master, were only waiting for the hour.

"It is strange," said the governor, "I should have thought—"

"At least," interrupted Olivares, "if you will not delay you certainly can-not anticipate." And the governor re-sumed his hasty walk between the door and the window, listening for the fatal sound which the faithful tongue of the clock still refused to utter.

Despite the delay, however, the hour approached. Ten minutes only re-mained.

Meanwhile the Cardinal had visited the Pope. As he entered Sixtus drew out his watch with an air of satisfac-tion. By the testimony of that unerring timepiece Ranuccio was already ex-ecuted.

"What seek you?" asked His Holiness.

"The body of my nephew that I may convey it to Parma. At least let the unfortunate boy repose in the tomb of his ancestors."

"Did he die like a Christian?"

"Like a saint," answered the Car-dinal, trembling at a moment's delay. Sixtus at once sat down and wrote the following: "We order our governor of the castle of St. Angelo to deliver up to His Eminence the body of Ranuccio Farnese." Having sealed it with the pontifical signet he gave it to the Car-dinal.

Upon his arrival at the gate of the castle Cardinal Farnese, agitated be-tween hope and fear, hastened to de-mand an entrance. A profound silence reigned within, broken only by the dis-tant notes of the "De Profundis." He rushed toward the court, and a single lock told him that his nephew still lived. His neck was bare, his hands tied, and he was kneeling between a priest and the executioner, uttering the

words of his last prayer. Suddenly, and almost before the chanting of the monks had ceased, the Cardinal rushed forward and thrust the paper into the hands of the governor.

"A pardon! a pardon!" exclaimed Olivares, who did not yet even know the contents of the letter. The sol-diers shouted in sympathy with the un-fortunate prince. The executioner be-gan to unloose his victim, when a sign from the governor made him pause. The governor read and reread the com-munication. "The body of Ranuccio Farnese!" he repeated; "the criminal's name would be quite enough, why these words, 'the body of'?"

"What stops you," cried the Cardinal at that perilous moment looking even paler than his nephew.

"Read it," replied the governor, handing him the Pope's letter.

"Is that all?" said the Cardinal, forc-ing a smile of derision and pointing to the clock. "Look at the hour; it still lacks two minutes of the time, and I re-ceived that paper from His Holiness more than a quarter of an hour ago."

The governor bowed his head in obedience; the argument was irresisti-ble. Ranuccio was given up to his deli-verers.

A carriage with four fleet horses waited outside the prison, and in a few moments the Cardinal and the young prince were speeding along the road to Parma.

Just then the clocks of Rome pealed forth in unison as if rejoicing that by their judicious silence they had gained their master's cause in saving a human life.—Dwight Benton, in New York Home Journal.

## Light from Insects.

Fireflies have been put and are even to this day applied to some curious uses, says the Washington Star. In St. Domingo and other West India islands they are employed for lighting pur-poses, being confined in lanterns, both for going about the country at night and for the illumination of dwellings. By attaching one of them to each foot while traveling in the darkness they serve as a guide to the path. They are also utilized in Cuba and elsewhere for ornaments, wherewith the gowns and coiffures of ladies are adorned on festive occasions. One can read by the light which a few of these insects give. One point that may be urged in behalf of these fireflies is that they kill mos-quitoes, finding in the latter their fa-vorite prey. The ancients were proba-bly unacquainted with the species of fireflies which are so familiar in this country, because the most remarkable of these are peculiar to America. The great lantern-flies of southern Europe and Asia, which are sometimes called "flying glow-worms," are allied to the boat flies and water scorpions. On the other hand, the fireflies of the tropics are beetles. The latter are of a somber hue in the daytime, and it is only at night that they show their lights. The English glow-worm is the wingless fe-male of a winged beetle. Some suppose that the light she bears is bestowed for her protection to scare away the night-ingle and other nocturnal birds. Others, however, believe that the gift of brightness is the very lure by which her foes are assisted to discover and devour her. Much speculation has been indulged in as to the nature of the glow-worm's light, which is not put out by water nor seemingly capable of giving forth any heat. It has been as-erted that the light-diffusing substance contains phosphorus, but this has never been proved. Certainly it is in-capable of communicating ignition to anything. Least attractive among the insects which give light are the so-called "electric centipedes"—black crawlers with many legs, which have been likened to serpents' skeletons in miniature. They move in snakelike fashion, backward or forward, leaving behind them a bright track of phos-phoric light. However, they are most accustomed to appear in the day time, when the illumination they afford is not visible.

## Good Advice.

Theodore Roosevelt was not always the fluent orator and ready extem-poraneous speaker that he is to-day, says the Times-Herald, but this is not a matter of surprise, as precocity is never proof of greatness, although it has in many instances characterized those who afterward became great. Theodore Roosevelt was a wide-awake, hustling youth, good at his books, but better at his sports, a lover of all out-door, and a healthy, hearty, sturdy American boy. At school he was re-quired to write essays, deliver orations, "speak pieces," just as are all school-boys in those modern days, and his old playmates still delight to relate how "Ted" brought the house down by his method of rendering that old stand-by, "Marco-Bozzaris."

Everybody knows at least the begin-nings of the stirring poem:

At midnight in his guarded tent  
The Turk lay dreaming of the hour  
When Greece, her knees in supplica-tion bent,

Should tremble at his power.

When young Roosevelt's turn came to speak he rose with all confidence and began:

"At midnight in his guarded tent  
The Turk lay dreaming of the hour  
When Greece her knees—"

Then his memory failed him and he repeated:

"Greece her knees—"

In vain; his memory stubbornly re-fused to work. Once more he shouted desperately:

"Greece her knees—"

The old professor looked over his spectacles and encouragingly remarked: "Greece her knees once more, Theo-dore; perhaps she'll go then."

It was 300 years ago—1596—that Sir Walter Raleigh introduced the potato and planted it in the garden of his Irish home at Youghal.

## THE NATIONAL GAME.

## SOME NOTES AND COMMENT ON CURRENT EVENTS.

A Leading Manager Charged with Ig-norance of the Playing Rules—Tim Hurst on the Proposed New Rules for the Coming Season.

IN an interview with the Cincinnati "Enquirer" the other day Chairman Hart of the Rules Committee, gave the following inter-esting bit of infor-mation: "We re-ceived several sug-gestions from al-leged authorities as to the advisability of inserting such a rule in the provision in our playing code, but as it had not been enforced by the umpires it had become, as far as the public is concerned, a dead let-ter. As a matter of fact, there are plenty of players and managers who are unaware of the existence of certain rules solely because they are not made familiar with them by application. An illustration of this came under my notice last Christmas. The manager of a certain eastern team, a man who has proven his ability by winning cham-pionships, called on me in my office. Incidentally he told me that he had written to a St. Louis paper making certain suggestions which he thought would be valuable to me as a member of the Rules Committee. 'I would advise you to read that letter,' he said; 'you will get a pointer or two out of it that will do you good.' I asked him to explain the contents to me at once, and he did so. He was very much taken back when I handed him a copy of the rules and showed him his pro-posed amendment embodied therein. It had been part of the rules for three years, yet this man, who is acknowl-edged leader of base ball players, did not know of its existence. He at once telegraphed to the people to whom he had written, asking them to eliminate that part of his letter which referred to the change of rules. The trouble is that the umpires do not enforce rules. If they did it would be found that no changes are needed."

Points on Pappalau.

John D. Pappalau, who has been signed by the Cleveland League Club upon Burket's recommendation, has been the pitcher for the college nine at Worcester for the past two years, and it is with the deepest regret that the "boys" part with him. Pappalau came to Holy Cross two years ago from an amateur team at Pittsfield, Mass., writes a Worcester correspondent. He entered the class of special classics and was a zealous student. He was the pride of the team from the start, and when Harvard fell victim to his twirl-ing on two occasions in '95 he became the hero of the hour with the college boys. In '95 he pitched 15 games, out of which he won 13, losing only to the University of Vermont and Yale.

Last year he pitched 14 games, out of which he won 12, losing two to Brown. Such records as these could not help attracting the attention of the League magnates. Last year Baltimore sent him tempting offers, as did also Tom Burns, of the Springfield League team. While Pappalau wishes to ac-quire a classical education, the offer of the Cleveland was so tempting this year that he could not reject it. To say nothing of Pappalau's wonderful curves and delivery, his chief point in the coolness with which he plays ball at critical points. While at Holy Cross he was never known to lose his head, and when there are three men on bases he is at his best. He has been known

to know what his ability is. Geo. Miller is too well known for any-body to sing his praises. The club is to be commended for their willingness to grant these players the sale of their release rather than to farm them out to some place where they would not care to go.

Brush Not in the Game for Profit Alone.

From Cincinnati "Enquirer." There is no recreation as pleasing to John T. Brush, the president of the Cincinnati Club, as watching a base ball game, especially if one of the contestants in the game is the Cincinnati team. What a cruise on a steam yacht or a vacation at some fashionable summer resort is to some rich men, a three weeks' trip with the Cincinnati Reds is to the In-dianapolis man. Speedful and irre-sponsible writers have attempted to make it appear that John T. Brush's connection with the national game is prompted solely by mercenary motives; that his mind is on the turnstile rather than on the game itself. Nothing is further from the truth. He is an en-thusiast of the most ultra type; one of the kind that cannot relish a meal if his favorite team is compelled to take the short end of an engagement. While defeat causes him anguish, a victory will lift him up to the plane of happi-ness. One acquainted with the Cin-cinnati president will not have to ask him after a hard game whether his team has won or lost. The magnate's face will tell the story. If winning his smile is of the broad-gauge variety, and he is full of fun, and if defeat has been the team's portion a scowl and a look that plainly says, "I want to be let alone" is on his face.

A Pair of Baseball Brides.

John J. McGraw, the popular and clever third baseman of the Baltimore Club, was married the other evening to Minnie Roache McGraw at St. Vin-cent's Church, Baltimore. After the ceremony there was a brilliant recep-tion at the residence of the bride's parents, 1815 Guilford avenue. The presents were numerous and costly. All the players of the Baltimore team remembered the happy couple, and the Baltimore Club's gift was a handsome silver service. Long life and happi-ness for the happy couple is "Sporting Life's" sincere wish. Within a few weeks another Baltimore player will emulate McGraw's example and become a Benedict, viz., Joe Kelly, the popular left fielder of the team. His affianced is a handsome and accomplished young lady, Miss Margaret R. Mahon. She is the daughter of a rich and influential Baltimore politician.



J. D. PAPPALAU.

on such occasions to strike out three men in succession, and coaches can-not rattle him. Jesse Burkett, cham-pion batsman of the National League, says Pappalau is the best amateur pitcher in the business, and thinks he will be a great success on the Cleveland team.

## Hurst's Ideas.

Umpire Tim Hurst says that the League Committee on Rules did not size up the evils of the game properly. Said he: "What is wanted to fix coach-ing is something like this: If a coacher at third base violates the rules he should be sent to the bench, and no more coaching by his team allowed at that base during the balance of the game. If the man on first base be also retired for a similar offense, then that team would be without coaches the remainder of the game. Regarding the enforcement of the pitching rule, I have a simple remedy. It is to put a slab about eight or ten inches broad, about eight inches in front of where

the pitcher's feet ought to be. This slab would prevent his sneaking up, as he would not be able to pitch if the toe of his shoe got on the slab. That is very simple, in fact, so simple that the committee have not been able to see, although they were told of it. I do not see how the suggestions of the commit-tee will make things any better than they are at present."

President Kerr, of the Pittsburgh Club, also opposed the suggestions of the committee. He thinks that there ought to be two coaches as usual, and that they should be kept under control. He is very strongly opposed to any change in the rules relating to the pitchers.

Louisville Players for Sale.

The release of Catcher Miller and First Baseman Casseday and Shortstop Shannon are for sale by the Louisville Club. Neither of these players will be needed on the team the coming season, and there is no room for them, and rather than farm them out to some club where they would not be satisfied, and in view of the fact that it does not appear that Louisville will need the services of either of the three players at any time during the coming season, or probably ever again, it is considered no more than just to them than to dis-pose of them outright, and if any club will make a decent offer for the re-lease of either of the three men they can secure their services. Casseday is an exceptionally good man, being an excellent first baseman, good infielder and ought to be a star in any league. Is plenty strong enough for Cincinnati if they need a first baseman. Shannon played last year with Indianapolis, and everybody in the Western League



MISS MINNIE DOYLE.



MISS MARGARET MAHON.

## TWO BASE BALL BRIDES.

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Winter! I do love thy stern and wrinkled face,  
Despite the clamor that thy pres-ence brings  
From those who hate thee for the cold that stings,  
And bites, and swiftly drives to fastest pace,  
Thou art a cordial to this mortal race  
Thy breath invigorates beyond a  
things  
Beside, and to life's sluggish, droop-ing wings,  
Imparts a wondrous mightiness and grace,  
And, so, though Spring be bright, and fair and sweet,  
And summer garlanded in flowers ap-pears,  
And Autumn lay her harvests at our feet,  
(Her harvests perfected through un-told years.)  
Yet would I turn from all their mar-velous wealth,  
To find in thee my highest joy and health.

—Alexander Macauley.

In sweet music is such art,  
Killing care and grief of heart."  
—Shakespeare.

Rough on the Browns.

From New York "Herald." Some-body is advocating the use of three error columns in scoring. He must be a St. Louis man. I noticed during the "Browns" visit to the Polo ground last summer that one error column was uncomfortably crowded before the seventh inning began. Still, I think by slopping over occasionally St. Louis might worry along with two.

Horace Hcag, the owner of the Cal-ifornia stable, had both Model and Monitor fired, the latter for a bad splint. Both will be turned out for a much-needed rest.

## TWENTY-FOUR PRESIDENTS.

Washington first of the presidents stands;  
Next placed John Adams attention com-mands;  
Tom Jefferson's third on the glorious score,  
And square Jimmy Madison counts number four.

Fifth on the record is plain James Monroe,  
And John Quincy Adams is sixth, don't ye know?  
Next Jackson and Martin Van Buren true blue,  
And Harrison ninth, known as Tippe-canoe.

Next Tyler, the first of the vices to rise;  
Then Polk and then Taylor, the second who dies;  
Next Fillmore, a vice, takes the presi-dent's place;  
And small Franklin Pierce is four-teenth in the race.

Fifteenth is Buchanan, and following him  
The great name of Lincoln makes all others dim;  
Next to Johnson comes Grant with the laurel and bays,  
And next after Grant comes Ruther-ford Hayes.

Next Garfield, then Arthur, then Cleve-land the fat;  
Next Harrison, wearing his grandfa-ther's hat—  
Adroit little Ben, twenty-third in the train,  
And last in the list, behold Cleveland again.

—Ram's Horn.

## Domestic Hints.

If black underwear, stockings or black yarn that is to be knitted is boiled a few minutes in milk the dye will not stain the skin—so German women say. Persons who suffer from the cold should wear loose clothing in chilly weather, remembering that two thin garments retain more heat than a single thick one.

Prof. William L. Tomlins, the well-known musician and instructor, urges mothers to teach their children to breathe through their nostrils. He says: "Breathing through the nostrils is the natural way of expressing ad-miration for the beautiful, just as sur-prise induced by grosser motives is in-dicated by quick breathing through the mouth. When a person sees a beauti-ful painting his admiration is often ex-pressed by a sign through the nostrils, while a greedy boy going into a room and seeing a large cake where he could reach it would express his feel-ings by a quick inward breath through the mouth."

At a dinner given not long ago by Professor Max Mueller, the origin of the table tumbler was shown. It was demonstrated in the use of little round silver bowls filled with the famous ale of the college. When one of these little bowls was emptied it was placed upon the table, mouth downward. So perfect was its balance that it returned instantly to an upright position. Whether turned upon its side, or rolled along the floor, or dropped upon the soft carpet, the same result fol-lowed. This was the origin of the word "tumbler." When glass became common, the round glasses that stood upon a flat base superseded the bal-anced silver spheres, and have ever since retained the name—Epicure.

Onion Tart.—This very appetizing dish to all onion lovers is made by placing sliced onions in a dish lined with paste, seasoning with butter, pep-per and salt and baking until the onions are tender. If Spanish onions are used and a little cream is added, dredging each layer with a little flour, this is a delightful accompaniment to baked meats. It must be eaten piping hot.

Fritters.—Parsnips, celery or parsley, sometimes known as oyster plant, make delicious fritters. These may be made in two ways. Either prepare an ordi-nary fritter batter, making it rather stiff, and stir in the vegetables cut in thin strips, or inch lengths, then drop by spoonfuls in the hot fat; or press the vegetables through a colander or sifter and mix with a little rich milk, an egg to each pint, and a few spoon-fuls of flour to make the whole of the consistency of a thick batter. Season to taste—and parsley, a hint of onion, or various sweet herbs, are advisable—or fry as usual. A frying basket is very convenient for this purpose.

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## POLICE COURT CASES.

Some of Them Have a Humorous Side.

A majority of the cases which we deal with daily are pathetic or dram-atic, but there is a humorous side to the work as well, and some of the most ludicrous incidents conceivable come up in our courts, says Scribner's. The most common cause of complaint by one woman against another in tenement-house quarrels is that "She called me out of me name." A woman told me that she wanted a warrant against a female acquaintance because, as she said, "Judge, your honor, she called me a name out of me place, and I want her to prove it." Those petty broils must be given a hearing and settled by such good advice as the complaint suggests. "He treats me sometimes ridiculous," was the complaint of one much-abused wife against her hus-band. The man being brought up to answer the charge, and perhaps ex-plain it, answered: "This is a dead piece of jealousy, your honor; don't mind her." An old Irish woman came before me at the Harlem court and wanted her "boy" arrested for misbe-having himself in her house. It came out that her "boy" was 38 years old, and when I said to her that he was a pretty old boy she remarked: "Sure he's not a girl, and I count a boy a man only when he's married." A Ger-man with a very much battered head complained that the defendant had made a "dinge" in it, and described the assault about as follows: "He do me a crack on de kopf, like dis, and I do nodings by him." Many of these people seem to feel that when they make a complaint in court they must use all the high-sounding words they know, regardless of their meaning. The result is sometimes amusing enough to unsettle the dignity of the bench. One woman who displayed a bruised and battered appearance finished her complaint by saying: "He left marks of violation upon me arm, as your honor can see for yerself." A man whose truthfulness was questioned said: "Does your honor doubt me voracity?"

A HAUNTED TREE.

The Coon Dogs Turned Tail When They Struck It.

Last fall a party of coon hunters from this city were in the woods in this vicinity and the dogs hunted splendidly until they struck this old tree, says the Danville (Ky.) Advocate. There they tucked their tails between their legs and simply flew. They whined and gave other evidences of fear and could not be coaxed into hunting any more that night. Finally the hunters them-selves became scared. One of them declared he heard the sound of a voice as if from some soul in deep distress. This settled it. Every man in the crowd suddenly remembered that he had busi-ness in town and towarded the whole layout proceeded without further par-leying or loss of time. The next day an old gentleman residing in Danville was told of the occurrence and he re-called the fact that he had been one of the party which had a similar ex-perience near this old tree three years ago and he said that the spot had been haunted for many years. A long time ago an old gentleman by the name of Louis Street was murdered for his money and the murderer had dragged the body to the foot of this tree and covered it with dry leaves. The mur-derer was never punished by law. A young man named Henderson was ar-rested, charged with the crime, and at his examining trial was liberated on \$5,000 bail. He jumped his bond and disappeared some time afterward.

A New Evolution.

Two or three mornings after the ar-rival of a new butler the mistress of the house took the opportunity of asking the cook how she liked her new fellow-servant. The report was an ex-cellent one. "In fact, ma'am," said the cook, "the servants' hall is quite a different place now." Not unnatu-rally the mistress pressed for further par-ticulars. "Well, he talks so cleverly," said the cook. "Last night, for in-stance, he explained things to us for an hour and a half." "Explained things—what things?" said the mis-tress, now really interested. "Well," was the reply, "he was telling us how we are all descended from Mr. Dar-win."—Westminster Gazette.

The "Chink" Was Not Slow.

From the New Orleans Times-Democrat: "You may talk to me about the stolid, stupid Chinese," said an accident insurance agent, "but I know better. The other day I insured Hop Lee's life for \$1,000. A few days afterward a weak-looking 'Chink' called at my office and asked to see me. 'Well,' said I, 'Me wanted five hundred dollar,' said he. 'What for?' I demanded. 'Hop Lee,' responded my caller. 'He send me. Got thousand for dead. Half dead, wantee half money—five hundred dollar.' Say, I didn't do a thing to that Chinaman."

Mr. Asbury Peppers.

"I observe," said the boarder who 'likes to talk about actor folks, 'that Andre Thueriet, the novelist, presented Sarah Bernhardt a sprig of wild thyme on the occasion of her celebration."

"I wonder," said Asbury Peppers, looking thoughtfully at his plate, "I wonder if it was the first wild time Sarah ever saw?"—Cincinnati En-quirer.

Not at Home.

"Why, Emily, your aunt has been dead only a few days and you are wearing a light dress?"

"But you surely don't expect me to wear mourning at home, do you?"—Fleegende Blaetter.



## TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"WINGS OF SERAPHIM" LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Text: "With twain he covered his face, with twain he covered his feet, and with twain he did fly."—Isaiah 6:2.



tion bereavement, and forgetting the presence of his wife and two sons who made up his family, he has a dream, not like the dreams of ordinary character, which generally come from indigestion, but a vision most instructive, and under the touch of the hand of the Almighty.

The place, the ancient temple: building grand, awful, majestic. Within that temple a throne higher and grander than that occupied by any czar or sultan or emperor. On that throne, the eternal Christ. In lines surrounding that throne, the brightest celestial, not the cherubim, but higher than they, the most exquisite and radiant of the heavenly inhabitants: the seraphim. They are called burners because they look like fire. Lips of fire, eyes of fire, feet of fire. In addition to the features and the limbs which suggest a human being, there are pinions, which suggest the lithest, the swiftest, the most buoyant and the most aspiring of all unintelligent creation—a bird. Each seraph had six wings, each two of the wings for a different purpose. Isaiah's dream quivers and flashes with these pinions. Now folded, now spread, now beaten in locomotion. "With twain he covered his face, with twain he covered his feet, and with twain he did fly."

The probability is that these wings were not all used at once. The seraph standing there near the throne overwhelmed at the insignificance of the paths his feet had trodden as compared with the paths trodden by the feet of God, and with the lanchness of his locomotion amounting almost to decrepitude as compared with the divine velocity, with feathery veil of angelic modesty hides the feet. "With twain he did cover the feet."

Standing there overpowered by the overmastering splendors of God's glory, and unable longer with the eyes to look upon them, and wishing those eyes shaded from the insufferable glory, the pinions gather over the countenance. "With twain he did cover the face." Then as God tells this seraph to go to the farthest outpost of immensity on message of light and love and joy, and get back before the first anthem, it does not take the seraph a great while to spread himself upon the air with unimagined celerity, one stroke of the wing equal to ten thousand leagues of air. "With twain he did fly."

The most practical and useful lesson for you and me—when we see the seraph spreading his wings over the feet, is the lesson of humility at imperfection. The brightest angels of God are so far beneath God that he charges them with folly. The seraph so far beneath God, and we so far beneath the seraph in service we ought to be plunged in humility, utter and complete. Our feet, how laggard they have been in the divine service. Our feet, how many missteps they have taken. Our feet, in how many paths of worldliness and folly they have walked.

Neither God nor seraph intended to put any dishonor upon that which is one of the masterpieces of Almighty God—the human foot. Physiologist and anatomist are overwhelmed at the wonders of its organization. The Bridge-water Treatise, written by Sir Charles Bell, on the wisdom and goodness of God as illustrated in the human hand, was a result of the \$40,000 bequeathed in the last will and testament of the Earl of Bridgewater for the encouragement of Christian literature. The world could afford to forgive his eccentricities, though he had two dogs seated at his table, and though he put six dogs alone in an equipage drawn by four horses and attended by two footmen. With his large bequest including Sir Charles Bell to write so valuable a book on the wisdom of God in the structure of the human hand, the world could afford to forgive his oddities. And the world could now afford to have another Earl of Bridgewater, however idiosyncratic, if he would induce some other Sir Charles Bell to write a book on the wisdom and goodness of God in the construction of its bones, the lubrication of its joints, the gracefulness of its lines, the ingenuity of its cartilages, the delicacy of its veins, the rapidity of its muscular contraction, the sensitiveness of its nerves.

I sound the praises of the human foot. With that we halt or climb or march. It is the foundation of the physical fabric. It is the base of a God-poised column. With it the warrior braces himself for battle. With it the orator plants himself for eulogium. With it the toiler reaches his work. With it the outraged stamps his indignation. Its loss an irreparable disaster. Its health an invaluable equipment. If you want to know its value, ask the man whose foot paralysis hath shivered, or machinery hath crushed, or surgeon's knife hath amputated. The Bible honors it. Especial care: "Lest thou dash thy foot against a stone;" "he will not suffer thy foot to be moved;" "thy feet shall not stumble." Especial charge: "Keep thy foot when

thou goest to the house of God." Especial peril: "Their feet shall slide in due time." Connected with the world's dissolution: "He shall set one foot on the sea and the other on the earth."

Give me the history of your foot, and I will give you the history of your lifetime. Tell me up what steps it hath gone, down what declivities, and in what roads and in what directions, and I will know more about you than I want to know. None of us could endure the scrutiny. Our feet not always in paths of God. Sometimes in paths of worldliness. Our feet, a divine and glorious machinery for usefulness and work, so often making mistakes, so often going in the wrong direction. God knowing every step, the patriarch saying, "Thou seest a print on the heels of my feet." Crimes of the hand, crimes of the tongue, crimes of the eye, crimes of the ear not worse than crimes of the foot. Oh, we want the wings of humility to cover the feet. Ought we not to go into self-abnegation before the all-searching, all-scrutinizing, all-trying eye of God? "The seraphs do. How much more we?" "With twain he covered the feet."

All this talk about the dignity of human nature is braggadocio and sin. Our nature started at the hand of God regal, but it has been pauperized. There is a well in Belgium which once had very pure water, and it was stoutly masoned with stone and brick; but that well afterward became the center of the battle of Waterloo. At the opening of the battle the soldiers with their sabers compelled the gardener, William Von Kyslum, to draw water out of the well for them, and it was very pure water. But the battle raged, and three hundred dead and half dead were flung into the well for quick and easy burial; so that the well of refreshment became the well of death, and long after, people looked down into the well and they saw the bleached skulls but no water. So the human soul was a well of good, but the armies of sin have fought around it, and fought across it and been slain, and it has become a well of skeletons. Dead hopes, dead resolutions, dead opportunities, dead ambitions. An abandoned well unless Christ shall reopen and purify and fill it as the well of Belgium never was. Unclean, unclean.

Another seraphic posture in the text: "With twain he covered the face." That means reverence Godward. Never so much irreverence abroad in the world as to-day. You see it in the de-faced statuary, in the cutting out of figures from fine paintings, in the chipping of monuments for a memento, in the fact that military guard must stand at the grave of Lincoln and Garfield, and that old shade trees must be cut down for firewood, though fifty George P. Morrisses beg the woodmen to spare the tree, and that calls a corpse a cadaver, and that speaks of death as going over to the majority, and substitutes for the reverent terms father and mother, "the old man" and "the old woman," and finds nothing impressive in the ruins of Baalbec or the columns of Karnac, and sees no difference in the Sabbath from other days except it allows more dissipation, and reads the Bible in what is called higher criticism, making it not the Word of God but a good book with some fine things in it. Irreverence never so much abroad. How many take the name of God in vain, how many trivial things said about the Almighty. Not willing to have God in the world, they roll up an idea of sentimentality and humanitarianism and impudence and imbecility, and call it God. No wings of reverence over the face, no taking off of shoes on holy ground. You can tell from the way they talk they could have made a better world than this, and that the God of the Bible shocks every sense of propriety. They talk of the love of God in a way that shows you they believe it does not make any difference how bad a man is here, he will come in at the shining gate. They talk of the love of God in a way which shows you they think it is a general jail delivery for all the abandoned and the scoundrelly of the universe. No punishment hereafter for any wrong done here.

The Bible gives two descriptions of God, and they are just opposite, and they are both true. In one place the Bible says God is love. In another place the Bible says God is a consuming fire. The explanation is plain as plain can be. God through Christ is love. God out of Christ is fire. To win the one and to escape the other we have only to throw ourselves body, mind and soul into Christ's keeping. "No," says irreverence, "I want no atonement, I want no pardon, I want no intervention; I will go up and face God, and I will challenge him, and I will defy him, and I will ask him what he wants to do with me." So the finite confronts the infinite, so a tack hammer tries to break a thunderbolt, so the breath of human nostrils defies the everlasting God, while the hierarchs of heaven bow the head and bend the knee as the King's chariot goes by, and the archangel turns away because he cannot endure the splendor, and the chorus of all the empires of heaven comes in with full diapason, "Holy, holy, holy!"

Reverence for sham, reverence for the old merely because it is old, reverence for stupidity, however learned, reverence for incapacity however finely inaugurated, I have none. But we want more reverence for God, more reverence for the sacraments, more reverence for the Bible, more reverence for the pure, more reverence for the good. Reverence a characteristic of all great natures. You hear it in the roll of the master orators. You see it in the Raphaels and Titians and Ghirlandajos. You study it in the architecture of the Aholiabs and Christophers Wrens. Do not be flippant about God. Do not joke about death. Do not make fun of the Bible. Do not deride the Eternal. The brightest and

mightiest seraph cannot look unabashed upon him. Involuntarily the wings come up. "With twain he covered his face." \* \* \*

As you take a pinch of salt or powder between your thumb and two fingers, so Isaiah indicates God takes up the earth. He measures the dust of the earth, the original there indicating that God takes all the dust of all the continents between the thumb and two fingers. You wrap around your hand a blue ribbon five times, ten times. You say it is five hand-breadths, or it is ten hand-breadths. So indicates the prophet God winds the blue ribbon of the sky around his hand. "He meteth out the heavens with a span." You know that balances are made of a beam suspended in the middle with two basins at the extremity of equal left. In that way what a vast heft has been weighed. But what are all the balances of earthly manipulation compared with the balances that Isaiah saw suspended when he saw God putting into the scales the Alps and the Appenines and Mount Washington and the Sierra Nevadas. You see the earth had to be ballasted. It would not do to have too much weight in Europe, or too much weight in Asia, or too much weight in Africa, or in America; so when God made the mountains he weighed them. The Bible distinctly says so. God knows the weight of the great ranges that cross the continents, the tons, the pounds avoirdupois, the ounces, the grains, the milligrammes—just how much they weighed then, and just how much they weigh now. "He weighed the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance."

See that eagle in the mountain nest. It looks so sick, so ragged-feathered, so worn-out and so half asleep. Is that eagle dying? No. The ornithologist will tell you it is the moulting season with that bird. Not dying, but moulting. You see that Christian sick and weary and worn-out and seeming about to expire on what is called his death-bed. The world says he is dying. I say it is the moulting season for his soul—the body dropping away, the celestial pinions coming on. Not dying, but moulting. Moulting out of darkness and sin and struggle into glory and into God. Why do you not shout? Why do you sit shivering at the thought of death and trying to hold back and wishing you could stay here forever, and speak of departure as though the subject were filled with skeletons and the vanish of coffins, and as though you preferred lame foot to swift wing?

O people of God, let us stop playing the fool and prepare for rapturous flight. When your soul stands on the verge of this life, and there are vast precipices beneath, and sapphired domes above, which way will you fly? Will you swoop or will you soar? Will you fly downward or will you fly upward? Everything on the wing this day bidding us aspire. Holy Spirit on the wing. Angel of the New Covenant on the wing. Time on the wing, flying away from us. Eternity on the wing, flying toward us. Wings, wings, wings! Live so near to Christ that when you are dead, people standing by your lifeless body will not soliloquize, saying: "What a disappointment life was to him; how averse he was to departure; what a pity it was he had to die; what an awful calamity." Rather standing there may they see a sign more vivid on your still face than the vestiges of pain, something that will indicate that it was a happy exit—the clearance from oppressive quarantine, the cast-off chrysalis, the moulting of the faded and the useless, and the ascent from malarial valleys to bright, shining mountain-tops, and he led to say, as they stand there contemplating your humility and your reverence in life, and your happiness in death: "With twain he covered the feet, with twain he covered the face, with twain he did fly." Wings! Wings! Wings!

## Brave Children.

The Denver Republican quotes an interesting story of childish heroism, related by Mr. Spearman, attorney for the department of justice at Washington. He has been taking testimony concerning some Indian depredation claims. In taking such testimony, he says, I frequently hear interesting stories concerning early frontier life. I remember one case in particular, one of the most remarkable exhibitions of courage in an eight-year-old boy that I have ever heard of. It occurred near the town of Beaver, in Utah. A ranch was attacked by Indians, and a man who was visiting the ranchman was killed, and for a while it seemed as if the whole party, wife and children, would fall a prey to the savages. The house was surrounded by the Indians, and the people within defended themselves as best they could; but the ranchman, watching his opportunity, lowered his little boy and his daughter, who was but twelve years of age, from the back window and told them to try and make their way to the canon and follow it down to Beaver, where they could obtain help. The children succeeded in reaching the canon unobserved, and with presence of mind and bravery which I think remarkable for a child of that age, the boy told his sister to follow one side of the canon and he would follow the other, so that in case the Indians should find one of them the other might not be observed. The children got safely to Beaver, where a party was organized which hastened to the rescue of the besieged. At the beginning of the siege the Indians had heard the children in the house, and missing their voices, the alert savages discovered that they had gone and endeavored to overtake them; but being unsuccessful, and knowing that help would soon arrive, they withdrew before the rescuers could reach the ranch.

A day's work has been steadily increasing for the last hundred years.

## IN WOMAN'S CORNER.

INTERESTING READING FOR DAMES AND DANSELS.

Some Notes of the Modes—Dressing Gowns of Blue Silk—Butterfly Sleeves Coming In—Keeping the Neck Beautiful.



See the tears how they course down my cheeks! Oh! this world it is lonely and dreary, And my heart for relief vainly seeks.

For I am old and I'm helpless and feeble, The days of my youth have gone by; Then over the hills to the poorhouse, I wander alone there to die.

Ah me! on that old doorstep yonder I've sat with my babes on my knee, No father was happier or fonder Than I of my little ones three; The boys, both so rosy and chubby, And Lily, with prattle so sweet! God knows how their father has loved them, But they've driven him out in the street.

For I'm old, etc.

It's years since my Mary was taken, My faithful, affectionate wife; Since then I'm forlorn and forsaken, And the light has died out of my life. The boys grew to manhood; I gave them a deed for the farm! aye and more, I gave them this house they were born in, And now I'm turned out from its door.

For I'm old, etc.



NEW TYPE OF SPRING COSTUME.

Oh, children! loved children! yet hear me, I have journeyed along on life's stage, With the hope that you all would be near me, To comfort and cheer my old age; My life blood I'd gladly have given, To shield and protect you; but hark! Though my heart breaks, I'll say it, You've driven me out here to die in the dark.

For I'm old, etc.

But, perhaps, they'll live happier without me; Far—oh, dear old home! ah, farewell! Each peony and tree here about me Some memory precious can tell; Well! the flowers will bloom bright as ever, And the birds sing as sweet to the morn, When over the hill from the poorhouse, Next spring, the old man shall be borne.

For I'm old, etc. —G. L. Catlin.

## Keeps Her Neck Beautiful.

Not every woman can follow Queen Natalie's method of keeping her neck the envy of nearly every woman in Europe, but her majesty's plan will furnish a hint which may easily be applied by all. Natalie is regarded as the most beautiful queen in Europe, and her greatest beauty is her neck. The world has just been let into the secret of the method which has largely enabled her to develop this charming feature. The queen takes frequent and regular exercise with a heavy pitcher on her head. The result of this is to straighten and strengthen the neck and to give it the form which the highest standard of female beauty requires. Not only does the exercise add to present beauty, but it arrests the ravages which time makes more quickly in the female neck than in any other place.

If you could obtain admission to the grounds of the queen's residence, near Belgrade, at about 8 o'clock in the morning, you would see her majesty taking a brisk walk with her pitcher on her shapely head. She is accompanied by a dame d'honneur, who is not herself an expert in the art of pitcher carrying. Queen Natalie has very abundant black hair and a rich coloring. She is a very finely developed woman. Her figure is very strong and erect and her carriage is perfect, for her favorite exercise tends to develop the latter quality as well as to beautify the neck and shoulders. These are adorable and beyond all criticism. She takes care to dress in a way to show these to the best advantage.

From chin to bust Queen Natalie's flesh has the firmness of marble, although, unlike that substance, it is full of life and blood. Her head is placed on her shoulders after the manner of that of the Venus of Milo. There are no protruding bones, no wrinkles, no hollows, neither is there any superfluous fatness. The whole is a beautiful poem of form.

## The Golden Rule.

Marion is troubled about carrying out the precepts contained in the Golden Rule. She says that if we do unto one as we would be done by, we may be obliged to do unto others as we would not be done by. Answer: The provisions of the Golden Rule cannot always be carried out literally. Indeed, they are not to be taken in that way. In a general sense we should do as we would be done by, but this doing should be guided by our good sense. We could not apply the same rule to our treatment of a friend and associate that we apply to the treatment of a criminal or a pauper. There is an old precept that is well worth remembering, which is, "Be just to all, but be kind only to your own kind." Justice and mercy in equal measure are quite as safe as the Golden Rule. If all of

just as convenient. A dressing gown good for both city and country should be light weight and very warm. A very nice one is of old blue Japanese silk, quilted. It is plain and full, and is embroidered down the front in pink and green. It is fastened with blue silk frogs across the front, and is tied with a blue silk cord and tassel. The silk, which is inexpensive, can be quilted at home and the frogs crocheted of blue silk. These gowns are greatly in demand, as they are so easy to slip on and so warm, without having any weight. They are especially desirable for invalids, as they are so comfortable for couch wear.

## Butterfly Sleeves Coming In.

The sleeve of the coming season will be the butterfly. It fits on the arm to the shoulder and there flares into a pair of pretty wing effects, caught together right on the top of the shoulder as the loops of a ribbon bow are caught by the cross piece of the bow. This sleeve adapts itself to all sorts of materials; in gauze over the bare arm



nothing could be lovelier, the lines of the arm being followed in every curve, and the beauty of the shoulder being only set off by the pretty butterfly fullness. In winter material the sleeve is wrinkled to the desired degree of fullness and seems to be held in place by a band of fur wound from wrist to shoulder, where it combines with the butterfly effect. The entirely tight sleeve of coat pattern has not been accepted, and even the tailor-made gown has some relief at the shoulder. For setting off the shoulders of a comparatively simple dress plaited ruffles like those of this picture or in modification of them are a serviceable device. These ruffles were of the dress stuff, turquoise crepe de chine. This bodice had fitted lining, the fullness of the crepe being plaited in the waist, where a plain satin ribbon was tied in a bow at the side. A pretty yoke-like insertion of Irish gauze, with collar to match, was finished with a narrow silver embroidery. Maybe we wanted an organdie dress last season; we simply must have one the coming summer. The new ones are out, and they are prettier than any silk weave ever offered—crisp, transparent, pliable, exquisite in coloring and adaptable to all sorts of occasions. We shall go to swell dinners knee deep in organdie ruffles. We shall, in short, be organdie all over and a good deal under, and if we have a silk foundation lining somewhere to all the transparent fluffery it will be merely from force of habit. Narrow striped effects bid fair to be the rage in summer goods, the weaves between the stripes being so delicate that the gown will seem to be made of just these dainty ribbon lines.

## Entertaining at Light Cost.

Tell the most managing housekeeper of your acquaintance that evening receptions to about a score of people may be given at a cost not to exceed \$5 each and you will probably be told that your knowledge of domestic affairs is as yet in the chrysalis stage. Yet in making your statement you would be strictly within the limits of veracity. These be hard times, and most of us must of necessity economize, but it by no means follows that we must give up seeing friends and entertaining them. Happily that is not at all necessary, for entertaining can be kept up on much less money than many imagine. This has been demonstrated by a manager, who actually gave a series of evening receptions all through Lent, asking about twenty or thirty people to each one, and the entire expense did not exceed \$25. This sounds impossible, but it can be done. In the first place, ask certain people to meet certain people; don't give out invitations indiscriminately, for the pleasure of social intercourse depends upon congeniality. It is a mistaken idea to suppose that people don't care whom they meet. Many who are more fond of conversation than they are of eating (and there are some such) want to talk to congenial people. Clever people should be invited to meet each other, musicians to meet musicians, friends and artists to meet artists. The art of entertaining is very much like the art of arranging flowers. The different kinds should not be mixed.

## Comfortable Dressing Gown.

If you have ever been to a house party in the country you will know



what it is to yearn for a comfortable dressing gown, and if you remain at home you will find the gown

## BREAKS OF SPEECH.

A COLLECTION OF CURIOUS AND AMUSING PHRASES.

The Careless Arrangement of Words—Some Object Lessons in the Danger of Mixing One's Metaphors—A Coroner's Verdict.

HE following collection of curious phrases is taken from the Ram's Horn:

A coroner's jury in Maine reported that a "Deceased came to his death by excessive drinking, producing apoplexy in the minds of the jury."

An old French lawyer, writing of an estate he had just bought, added: "There is a chapel upon it in which my wife and I wish to be buried, if God spares our lives."

On a tombstone in Indiana is the following inscription: "This monument was erected to the memory of John Jenkins, accidentally shot as a mark of affection by his brother."

A Michigan editor received some verses not long ago with the following note of explanation: "These lines were written fifty years ago by one who has, for a long time, slept in his grave merely for pastime."

A certain politician, lately condemning the government for its policy concerning the income tax, is reported to have said: "They'll keep cutting the wool off the sheep that lays the golden eggs until they pump it dry."

An orator at one of the university unions bore off the palm when he declared that "the British lion, whether it is roaming the deserts of India or climbing the forests of Canada, will not draw in its horns nor retire into its shell."

A reporter in describing the murder of a man named Jorkin said: "The murderer was evidently in quest of money, but luckily Mr. Jorkin had deposited all his funds in the bank the day before, so that he lost nothing but his life."

A merchant who died suddenly left in his bureau a letter to one of his correspondents which he had not sealed. His clerk, seeing it necessary to send the letter, wrote at the bottom: "Since writing the above I have died."

An Oklahoma editor expresses his thanks for a basket of oranges thus: "We have received a basket of oranges from our friend, Gus Bradley, for which he will please accept our compliments, some of which are nearly six inches in diameter."

The Morning Post in 1812 made the following statement: "We congratulate ourselves most on having torn off Cobbett's mask and revealed his cloven foot. It was high time that the hydra head of faction should be soundly rapped over the knuckles."

An English lecturer on chemistry said: "One drop of this poison placed on the tongue of a cat is sufficient to kill the strongest man," and an English lieutenant said that the Royal Niger company wished to kill him to prevent his going up the river until next year.

A clergyman in an eastern town warned his hearers lately "not to walk in a slippery path, lest they be sucked maelstrom-like, into its meshes." This metaphor suggests that of another clergyman who prayed that "the word might be as a nail driven in a sure place, sending its roots downward and its branches upward."

The present duke of Leeds is reported to have accused the late government of making a direct attack on the brewers by means of a side wind. It was during the late administration that one of the Irish whips telegraphed to Dublin that "the silence of the Irish members would be heard in the house of commons no longer."

It was the celebrated Sergt. Arab, who, at the Central Criminal court in formed the prisoner before him that "if there was a clearer case of man robbing his master that case was this case," and, after passing sentence, concluded: "I, therefore, give you the opportunity of redeeming a character irretrievably lost."

In the Irish house of commons of 1795, during a debate on the leather tax, the chancellor of the exchequer, Sir John Parnell, observed that, "in the prosecution of the present war every one ought to be ready to give his last guinea to save the remainder of his fortune." Mr. Vandeleur replied that "a tax on leather would press very heavily on the barefooted peasantry of Ireland."

At a recent temperance gathering an orator exclaimed: "The glorious work will never be accomplished until the good ship Temperance shall sail from one end of the land to the other, and with a cry of 'Victory' at each step she takes shall plant her banner in every city, town and village of the United States." Another speaker said that "All along the untrodden paths of the future we can see the hidden footprints of an unseen hand." "We pursue the shadow, the bubble bursts and leaves the ashes in our hands!"

Asbestos Shoes. A Massachusetts firm has lately begun to manufacture asbestos shoes for workmen employed in foundries and smelting works. The new shoes cost less and are found more comfortable than those made of leather.

Never. Chair Seventy-One—I wonder why women wear such accursed hats anyway.

Chair Seventy-Two—Never heard of a woman who had a blessed thing to wear, did you?—Detroit Journal.



